

# The Witness: A Spy You'd Never Suspect

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Washington, March 7.—There is nothing in his look or manner to indicate that Francis Gary Powers turned the world on its ear.

He had been the fuse which exploded a summer of lying. He had been damned as the most notorious spy since Mata Hari, and he had been praised as a lonely hero in the fight for freedom.

And yet, as he threaded his way through the crowded Senate caucus room yesterday to tell his story at last, the common reaction of those who would judge him was this: What an ordinary looking chap, what a far cry from the common conception of the trench-coated espionage agent or the devil-may-care mercenary.

He has coal black hair. He has a placid, almost expressionless face. His soft voice is not quite a falsetto, but nevertheless far higher than the sonorous tones of the Senators who questioned him.

Only his eyes gave him away as he endured his ordeal of inspection. They leaped and darted as he spoke.

He seemed quite unsure of what reception to expect here, what judgment was being passed, as he tonelessly and rather glibly told the details of his saga.

His laugh always seemed tentative. When something amusing was said, the corners of his mouth would reach back and his lips would part to begin to laugh, but laughter never really came. It seemed as though he dared not treat a moment of this experience with levity. It seemed as though he were constantly afraid the joke might be on him.

He told his story in fantastic detail—which Russian sat in which seat of which car on the way to which jail at which stage of this unique paragraph in history. He seemed prepared to go on for hours. He did indeed speak for nearly an hour without interruption as he told the bulk of his tale, and he seemed a little disappointed when the Senate Armed Forces Committee Chairman, Richard Russell, hurried him as the afternoon got old and the snow bogging of roadways began to concern the Senators more than this recital of an incident they all rather forget.

He did not sit alone. The Central Intelligence Agency's general counsel, Lawrence Houston, sat beside him, and a phalanx of CIA agents stood behind him to offer help that he needed no aid.

The atmosphere was unreal. There was the unbelievable spectacle of an intelligence agent, a spy, sitting in public committee telling the details of his profession to a room full of reporters and cameramen. Many old-line British and German master spies must have been in that grave.

Eventually, however, Francis Gary Powers reached the climax: how the Russians caught him off for Berlin and how he turned to fight his way through the curtain.

As he turned to fight his way through the curtain, he asked what he'd be doing from now on.

He was gesturing toward the CIA men, who hovered at his side, as he said: "I have plenty for me to do."

Like what?

"Like remembering a lot of remembering still to do."